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(shades of Shakespeare forgive the artist!) is extended to him leaves nothing to be desired.

Dear old John Brougham! How well these little sketches, with their innocent fun, recall to the writer, who knew him well, the never-failing cheerfulness and sparkling wit of him who made them! A friend of the dead actor six years ago wrote of him: "A clear conscience is a wonderful manufacturer of a cheery heart, and few men boast of a clearer conscience than he. A man whose purse has ever been at the command of the poor and needy, who has striven to raise his profession to the highest dignity, is indeed a man who can sleep in peace and with an untroubled conscience." These lines when written were a just tribute to the living. Where now could we find words more fitting for his epitaph?

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BLAKE COLLECTION—DR. RIMMER AND THE ALBANY CAPITAL FRESCOES—FINISHING HUNT'S SKETCHES—NOTES.

Boston, June 16, 1880.

A LOT of crude and cramped—or, when not cramped, conventional and ultra-academic—figures, printed and sometimes rudely colored on little book-leaves, compose the bulk of the exhibition of the works of William Blake, engraver, poet and enthusiast (not to use the harsh word *lunatic*), now in progress at the Museum of Fine Arts. Blake has been much bewritten and gushed over, but he was a true genius for all that. The springs of the original creative impulse welled up strong and irrepressible within him. But the direction and the form of the outcome were curiously and most unfortunately confused. You have to make allowances for his art for the sake of his poetry, and for his poetry for the sake of his art; for his bald naturalism for the sake of his deep religious inspiration, and for his theological narrowness for the sake of his fervent underlying worship of nature and humanity. One might run this figure of paradox out on the infinite parallel, but strange and interesting a being as Blake was, there has been enough writing about him. Anybody who wants philosophical theorizing, exalting to their full significance and more these curious remains of a remarkable Jack at three or four trades, will find a very much extended dilation in the last "Scribner's" apropos of this exhibition. As drawing or art pure and simple, they have the pathetic interest of a fervid poetic conception, narrowed and vulgarized by want of culture, and struggling with inadequate technical training for the means of expression. Nature, man, and the Bible were all his stock and material, and one would say that was enough. Yes, but a little knowledge of the art that has gone before one is not found superfluous or amiss with most art-workers. No doubt it might have polished away the homeliness and angularity of much of Blake's product, but it might have rubbed off the "naïve" earnestness, originality, and character also. A snub-nosed British artisan, with a great brain sublimed by a poetic nature, but otherwise with the limitations and the unteachableness of his class, Blake persisted in making half-formless, half-unintelligible pictures and poems with single lines, and sometimes with a total impression of supernal sweetness and ineffable majesty of significance. An engraver and designer by trade, he was at times impracticable with his publishers, and had to have his best work translated by another engraver into reasonable accord with convention and correctness of drawing. When he became his own publisher and printer, with the help of his loyal wife's hands, his designs were pinched by the necessity of economizing in the copper for his plates, and his wayward flights were thus again hampered. Still, with all these contracting circumstances, and with the limited leisure left to an industrious artisan who produced upward of a thousand engravings for book illustration, this British workman achieved these bits of true inspiration before which the world of art stands in puzzled, half-wondering and half-pitying admiration to-day. The exhibition is very large and comprehensive, and complete as a representative collection. Here are specimens of Blake's designs for Blair's "Grave," engraved by Schiavonetti; of the illustrations to Young's "Night Thoughts" engraved by himself; of his quaint pictures to Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims," as archaic as the text; of his own "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience," that unique essay at book-making to which he

averred he was commanded by angels in a vision; of the "Book of Thel," and of the "Inventions to the Book of Job."

I am morally bound to correct an intimation in my last letter that the drawing and anatomy of the designs for the frescoes of the Albany capital, by the late Wm. M. Hunt, were corrected by the late Dr. Rimmer. The two were, as I have stated, close and confidential friends, and Hunt was in fact a pupil of the Doctor's in anatomical drawing. The former did apply to the latter to assist him in the designs for the cartoons, but on the first comparison of notes it was found that the two were so far apart in their conceptions of a given topic, that the attempt to collaborate was abandoned. Dr. Rimmer was, however, to have criticised and corrected the drawing, but owing to his break-down in health did not in fact do so. Mr. J. G. Carter, Hunt's assistant and factotum, is authority for the statement that not a line or touch exists in the frescoes to-day that was not Hunt's own wholly and solely, except for what help he (Carter) afforded. Mr. Carter, by the way, is arousing the ire and apprehension of some of the lamented artist's friends and disciples, by proposing to make what he calls "finished paintings" of the sketches Hunt left behind. The sketches of any great artist are eagerly sought for and studied after his death by other artists, and especially by Hunt's followers and admirers are his sketches considered a precious legacy left by him. These heirs in art of Hunt are horrified at the rumor that a man who four years ago was earning his living as a carriage painter, considers that within that time he has made such progress and development in art that he is competent to finish Wm. M. Hunt's sketches. For my part I see no reason to doubt that he will surely "finish," that is, destroy them.

An excellent suggestion has been made, and very favorably received on all hands, that Dr. Rimmer's extraordinary statue, "The Gladiator" (which a prominent sculptor here has just declared to be the only really great piece of sculpture ever produced in America), be put into bronze, to ornament the open space in an angle of the streets in front of the Art Museum. This is the statue of a wounded gladiator falling backward from a standing posture, which set the critics and experts of Paris to wondering, and which would have won the sculptor a high honor had it been made of a size to prove that it was not a copy from a model. In vain the puzzled Parisian artists attempted to pose a model in that position, but the American—he was never able to visit Europe himself—having no one at hand to vouch for the truth that the work was made without a model, his "chef d'œuvre" missed the prize that was so richly due. It is said that there was a Boston gentleman in Paris at the time who knew all the facts in the case, and that Dr. Rimmer studied out and built up the whole from a first conception of how the muscles of the shoulder and arm of a man would look in falling, but failed to make the necessary representations to the jury. The statue stands here, in the Rimmer Memorial Exhibition at the Museum, in the plaster in which it was originally molded, a worthy companion of the casts of the classic antiques of which this museum boasts so fine and full a collection. It will cost but two or three thousand dollars to put it into enduring bronze, and no fitter monument of native art could be conceived of than this noble ideal work. Miss Whitney's statue of Sam Adams, the revolutionary patriot, is to be set up near Faneuil Hall next Fourth of July. Ward's beautiful statue of Lief Ericsson, the Icelandic discoverer of New England—Vinland—in the year 1000, for which T. G. Appleton and others have secured a site in Post-Office Square, is the next in order for public suffrages and subscriptions, and after that should fairly come the turn of Rimmer's masterpiece of American art.

One of the finest pieces of indoor architectural design and decoration in this city is the new Financial Exchange, built in connection with the Security Safe Deposit Vaults. Two large wholesale stores in an adjoining building were taken, and by opening the floors above to the roof, a top-lighted "salon" of noble proportions has been created. The ceiling curves up to the glass roof, and the walls are decorated in a tasteful and scholarly combination of English Queen Anne and French Renaissance—that is to say there is the dark wood wainscoting below and the ornate frieze and painted entablature above. But the grand feature of the luxurious interior is the immense fireplace, extending to the ceiling and nearly filling one end of the hall.

Long wooden seats stand within its capacious jambs, and a huge mirror with bevelled edges, in the recess above the mantel and beneath its lofty canopy, carries out the idea of the "giant hall" of the mediæval castle—an appropriate and artistic suggestion of the modern stronghold and donjon-keep of treasure and bonds and rendezvous of money-barons and the coupon-clipping aristocracy.

T. H. Bartlett, sculptor, announces that his school of modelling and terra-cotta design has been placed on such a foundation that it can offer education to any one worthy to receive it and unable to pay, at nominal rates, and is to be a permanent institution among the advantages of this art centre. John Selinger and I. M. Gaugengigl announce a school of painting for advanced students, to open next September, after the style of the ateliers of Munich, of which they are recent graduates. Miss Susan Hale, the water-color painter, has published a series of water-color landscapes for the self-instruction of beginners, showing by accompanying printed directions how to lay on the tints in three successive washings so as to produce the pictures—very practical and encouraging studies for amateurs. GRETA.

A FRENCH PICTURE SALE.

At the recent important auction sale in Paris of modern paintings, composing the collection of M. Victor Boulanger, the following prices were obtained. They give a fair idea of the market value in Europe of the works of the artists named. We are indebted to Messrs. Moore & Curtis for the use of the catalogue. We have reduced the French measurements of the canvases to inches:

	BARON.	Francs.
La Source.....	8 x 5.....	245
Homard et Moules.....	7 x 24.....	485
BONNAT.		
Jeune Fille Italienne.....	18 x 11.....	5020
J. L. BROWN.		
Cavalier en Forêt.....	16 x 13.....	810
Une Alerte.....	18 x 15.....	890
Cavaliers Louis XV.....	18 x 12.....	610
Cavaliers sur la Plage.....	29 x 24.....	1200
DECAMPS.		
Un Corps de Garde Turc.....	19 x 14.....	5000
Un Incendie la Nuit.....	10 x 16.....	550
Samson et Dalila.....	9 x 11.....	125
DETAILLE.		
Incroyables sur la Terrasse des Tuileries.....	11 x 8.....	4550
Hussard en Vedette.....	8 x 6.....	3500
DIAZ.		
La Maison Turque.....	9 x 14.....	3000
Route près d'une Mare.....	8 x 12.....	2250
DUPRAY.		
Chasseurs d'Afrique.....	22 x 18.....	940
DUPRÉ (JULES).		
Les Landes.....	12 x 14.....	9000
La Chaumière.....	10 x 18.....	1600
L'Étang.....	14 x 19.....	4500
FAUVELET.		
La Lecture.....	7 x 5.....	620
FORTUNY.		
Perroquets.....	5 x 2.....	605
HUMBERT.		
Un Enlèvement.....	30 x 22.....	1380
ISABEY.		
La Défense du Château.....	34 x 14.....	10700
Le Mariage.....	9 x 67.....	6000
Le Baptême.....	9 x 67.....	6000
La Réception.....	24 x 20.....	4000
Pêcheurs Lançant leurs Batteaux à la Mer.....	20 x 35.....	2700
Pêcheurs Retirant leur Barque sur la Rivage.....	8 x 13.....	900
Pêcheurs Ramenant leurs Filets.....	10 x 19.....	1005
Le Retour de la Pêche.....	13 x 18.....	1020
Scène d'Orgie.....	17 x 26.....	5600
Le Petit Port.....	8 x 10.....	1505
Marine.....	16 x 26.....	1750
JACQUE (CHARLES).		
Troupeau de Moutons sous de Grands Arbres.....	32 x 26.....	3700
Troupeau de Moutons près d'une Mare.....	17 x 28.....	2850
Poulailler.....	6 x 9.....	570
Porcs dans une Étable.....	12 x 18.....	1030
Le Rémouleur.....	4½ x 3½.....	205
LÉVY (HENRI).		
Les Deux Amis.....	25 x 21.....	1000
Une Sultane.....	17 x 13.....	585
PASCUTTI.		
Les Joueurs d'Échecs.....	6 x 9.....	990
DE PENNE.		
Chiens Bassets devant un Terrier.....	10 x 16.....	605
PILS.		
Arabe Fumant sa Chibouque.....	18 x 15.....	335